

A Fawcett Publication

LASH LARUE

WESTERN



OCT.
10¢
NO. 21

IN THIS ISSUE:
***THE FRONTIER
PHANTOM
RIDES AGAIN!***



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THREE TRAINS IN A ROW CRASHED ON THE WILD WEST LINE! WERE THEY ALL ACCIDENTAL OR WERE THEY MAN-MADE WRECKS? TRYING TO SOLVE THAT PERPLEXING PROBLEM LEADS THE ROVING MARSHAL, LASH LARUE, AND HIS TWIN BROTHER, FRONTIER PHANTOM, INTO A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE THAT BRINGS INTO ACTION THE BULLWHIP, SIX-GUNS AND BATTERING FISTS!

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IF THAT RANNY DOESN'T BUTTON HIS POCKET, IT'LL MAKE THINGS EASIER!



THIS IS LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY.



BUT AT THAT SECOND --



WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!

THAT'S ONLY BECAUSE I STOPPED YOU! YOU KNOW THERE'S A NICE STIFF JAIL SENTENCE FOR PICKPOCKETING, HIX!



YUH CAN'T PROVE I WAS GOING TO TAKE IT! SO YUH CAN'T LOCK ME UP!

LEGALLY, YOU'VE GOT ME THERE, HIX, BUT NEXT TIME YOU WON'T GET OFF SO EASILY!



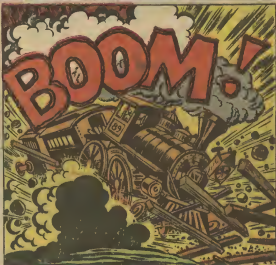
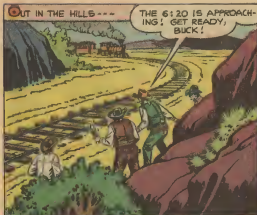
I JUST DRIFTED BY, FRONTIER PHANTOM, TO SAY OUR DINNER DATE IS OFF! I'VE GOT TO REPORT BACK TO THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE!

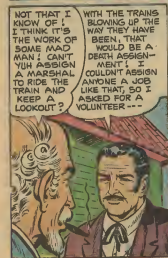
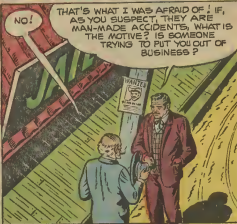
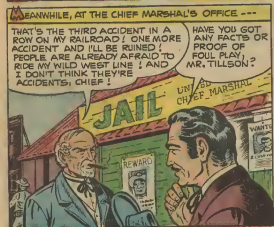
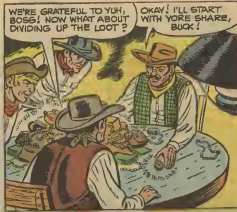
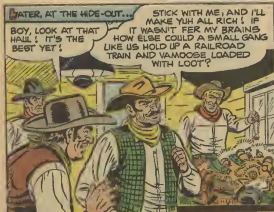
THAT'S TOO BAD, LASH! BUT IF YOU'RE STILL AROUND THIS EVENING LOOK ME UP! I'LL BE IN LARADO UNTIL MY OLD FRIEND OLLING SHOWS UP ON THE 6:20 TRAIN!



GOOD, FRONTIER! I HOPE WE CAN GET TOGETHER THEN!

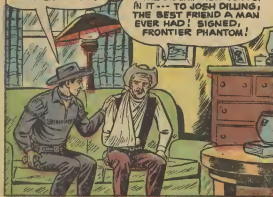
LASH AND THE FRONTIER PHANTOM WILL GET TOGETHER, BUT NOT IN THE WAY HE HOPES!





THAT SHOULD BE THE LEAST OF YORE WORRIES, DILLING! I CAN ALWAYS GET YUH ANOTHER WATCH!

BUT IT WAS OF SENTIMENTAL VALUE, FRONTIER, ESPECIALLY BECAUSE OF THE INSCRIPTION YUH PUT IN IT --- TO JOSEPH DILLING, THE BEST FRIEND A MAN EVER HAD! SIGNED, FRONTIER PHANTOM!



LATER, WHEN FRONTIER PHANTOM RETURNS TO THE LARADO HOTEL---

THAT WATCH HIX IS HOLDING LOOKS FAMILIAR!

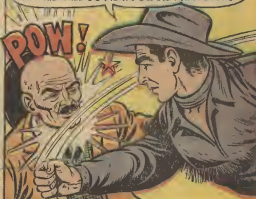


I'D LIKE TO HAVE A LOOK AT THAT WATCH!

NO LAWMAN CAN MAKE ME SHOW IT WITHOUT A SEARCH WARRANT, LASH LARUE!



I DON'T HAPPEN TO BE LASH, OR A LAWMAN, SO THIS WILL DO AS MY SEARCH WARRANT!



JUST AS I SUSPECTED! THIS IS THE WATCH I GAVE DILLING!

WHERE DID YUH GET THIS WATCH?

I FOUND IT OUTSIDE THE HOTEL!



THAT'S A LIE! THIS WATCH
DISAPPEARED IN TOODY'S
TRAIN WRECK, AND UNLESS
YUH TELL ME THE TRUTH, WHEN
I TURN YUH OVER TO THE LAW
THEY'LL BLAME YUH FER
THE TRAIN WRECKS!

I HAD NOTHING TO
DO WITH THE WRECKS!
I PICKED THIS WATCH
OUT OF SOME
RANNY'S POCKET IN
THE CASINO!

THE CASINO'S RIGHT ACROSS
FROM THE JAILHOUSE! BEFORE
I TURN YUH OVER TO THE SHERIFF,
IF YUH KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FER
YUH, YUH'LL POINT OUT THE
CRITTER FROM WHOM YUH
LIFTED THE WATCH!

OKAY! AS
LONG AS
THEY DON'T
BLAME ME FER
THE WRECKS!



SECONDS LATER---

AFTER I TURN
HIX OVER TO THE
SHERIFF, I'M GOING TO
KEEP MY EYE ON THAT
YARMINT AND FOLLOW
HIM WHEN HE
LEAVES!

THERE HE IS!
THE ONE THEY
CALL BUCK!



WATER, AT THE HIDE-OUT---

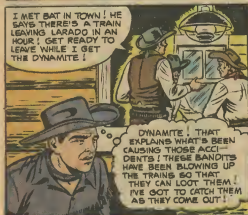


I'VE FOLLOWED
HIM ALL THE
WAY OUT HYAR
FROM TOWN!
NOW IF I CAN
GET CLOSE TO
THE WINDOW
MAYBE I CAN
HEAR WHERE
HE GOT HOLD
OF THE
WATCH!



MY HUNCH IS
THAT HIS
HAVING IT
HAS SOME-
THING TO DO
WITH THE
TRAIN
WRECK!

I MET BAT IN TOWN! HE
SAYS THERE'S A TRAIN
LEAVING LARADO IN AN
HOUR! GET READY TO
LEAVE WHILE I GET
THE DYNAMITE!



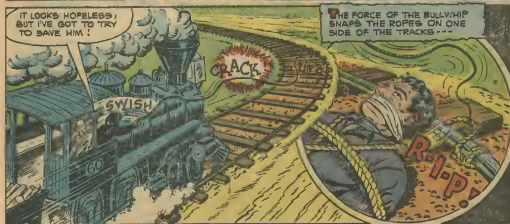
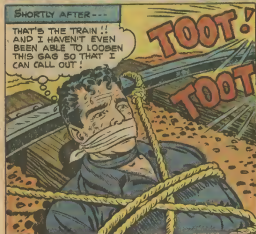
DYNAMITE! THAT
EXPLAINS WHAT'S BEEN
CAUSING THOSE ACCI-
DENTS! THESE BANDITS
HAVE BEEN BLOWING UP
THE TRAINS SO THAT
THEY CAN LOOT THEM!
I'VE GOT TO CATCH THEM
AS THEY COME OUT!

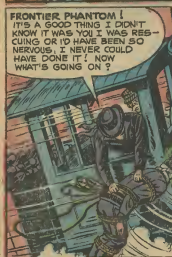
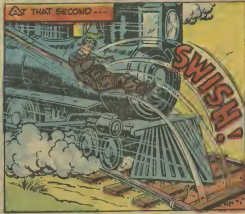
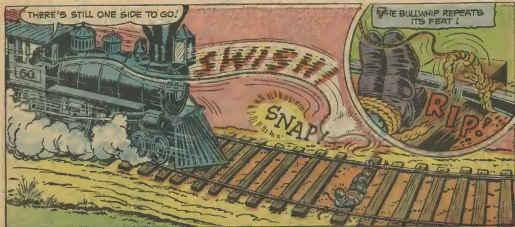
BUT THE FRONTIER PHANTOM HAS BEEN TOO BUSY
LISTENING TO WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON IN THE ROOM
TO HEAR WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON BEHIND HIM!

IT'S A LUCKY THING
I ARRIVED WHEN
I DID!

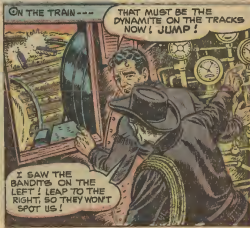
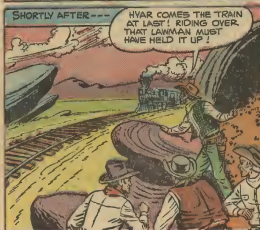
WHO IS THAT,
BAT?

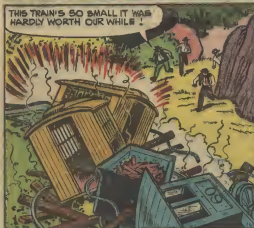
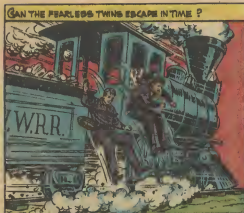


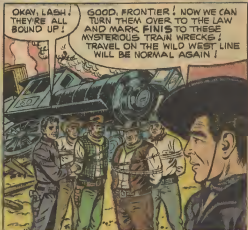
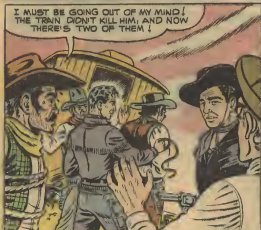
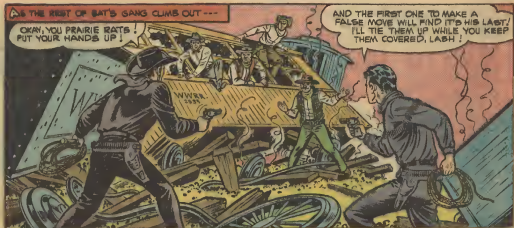




LASH LARUE WESTERN







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EERIE OF ALL HORROR COMICS...

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must
read...*

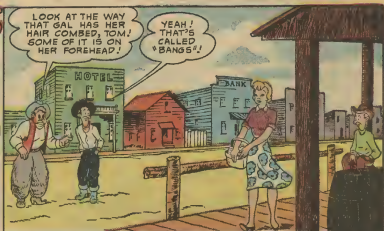


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BUZZARD'S TRAIL

By John Martin

DOC KENWORTH, town doctor of High-dog, put down his glass of milk. The rest of the men around the bar in the Slabside Saloon looked up. Doc was glancing out the window and down the street. And the look on his weather-beaten face was familiar.

"Bud Kitchner!" murmured Keever Todson.

"Keep your shirts on," Doc said. "Maybe Jim Blazer's not in town this mornin'!"

"He sure is!" Bill Cordon said.

Doc walked away from the bar.

"Got to attend to business, boys," he said.

"Just how did it start, Doc?" Bill Cordon asked. "I mean, how come two old friends hate each other like Bud and Jim?"

"There were three of them," Doc said.

"Three pards. Old Kit Trig, Bud Kitchner and Jim Blazer. Old Kit owned a spread, and when he died he left it to Bud and Jim. Jim was named first and Kit's will said Jim was to get the lion's share, includin' the spread. Bud just got a few thousand. I figger Kit thought Bud was too fast and loose to hold onto more. And he was right. Bud spent his money like water."

"Thunderation!" Keever exclaimed. "Here comes Jim now, down the other side of the street!"

Doc doubled round the back way to his office, which was just a few steps down the street. He grabbed his medical kit and stepped into the street, already deserted except for Bud and Jim. Passersby had ducked into doors and alleyways. Doc walked to the middle of the road.

Bud Kitchner, tall and rangy and hard-bitten, with a hawk's look to his face, let his hand drop toward one of his hog-legs.

"Easy, Bud!" Doc called out. He flung back the flap of his long, Prince Albert coat. A tin-star blazed suddenly, for Doc, besides being a medico, was also Deputy Sheriff.

"I'm not aimin' to kill anybody, Doc!" Bud said lazily.

"Not today or any other day!" Jim Blazer said hotly from the other side of the street. The two ex-friends sauntered toward each other, tense. Doc patted one of his hog-legs with a free hand.

"Keep your blood pressure down, boys," Doc said. "You'll live longer."

Jim Blazer turned a sour eye on Doc.

"You leave town for a couple of days and take that tin-star with you, Doc. I'll settle this business once and for all!"

"Well, now, that's just what I'm not doin'!" Doc said. "I'm bound to keep the peace around here, and . . ."

"Stop jawin', Doc!" Bud said. "This is an affair between old pards and none of yours. Pards!" he spat sarcastically and turned to Jim. "Livin' high these days, Jim? Doin' pretty well with the spread?"

"If you hadn't been such a worthless, good-for-nothin' and showed some sense, Kit might have split it even between us!" Jim said.

"But as it is, you've grabbed it for good!" Bud said angrily. His hands twitched toward his guns.

"Uh-huh!" admonished Doc gently.

Bud snorted and passed on. He got on his cayuse which was tethered to a post near the end of the street and rode out of town.

Jim walked on, after telling Doc he had some business at the bank. Then he, too, rode out of town. That was the last anyone saw of him, for at least a week.

Jim Blazer's disappearance had the town buzzing. He'd been expected in town the day after he'd quarrelled with Bud but had failed to show up. When a week had passed, Doc, both in medical and legal capacity rode out to Jim's spread. The house was empty. Just as Doc finished his inspection and decided that the place had been uninhabited for as long as Jim had been missing. Bud Kitchner rode up the trail.

"The boys in town told me Jim disappeared," he said. "Too bad!" Bud laughed, looked round the ranchyard and yawned. "Yeah, too bad. What's the law on my movin' in, Doc. Kit's will said I'd inherit if Jim died. You figger he's dead?"

Doc considered a minute.

"Just because a man's disappeared, don't mean he's dead," Doc said dryly. "At least, not at first!" He looked keenly at Bud. "I guess you can move in, Bud, since you're the legal heir—supposin' Jim's dead." Doc scratched his chin and grinned. "Course, if Jim shows up alive, he'll boot you out!"

"How about Jim's account at the bank in Highdog?"

"That's a different matter," Doc replied. "The law generally states that you've got to have a corpus delicti to prove death. In other words, you've got to have a corpse. Or, if you haven't got the body, you have to wait seven years before you can inherit the ranch and money."

"Seven years!" Bud exclaimed in dismay.

"If a man stays disappeared seven years, he's legally dead in most states, includin' this one!" Doc said firmly. "But not until seven years are up!" Doc got on his cayuse. "That's how long you'll have to wait, if Jim stays disappeared. So don't sign your name to anything of Jim's, cause it won't be worth a coot's ear." He left Bud and rode off.

When Doc got back to his office, he went into his back room to get some tobacco and light a pipe. He glanced carelessly over the flame of the match through the window, off toward the north horizon. Then something up there caught his eye. He stared for an instant and jumped.

Doc didn't wait, after that. He hurried over to the Slabside Saloon. Bill Cordon and Keever Todson were sitting in front, whittling.

"I've got a hunch about Jim Blazer," Doc said. His two friends went wide-eyed. "And I want you two galoots to come with me out to Glassy Butte."

"What for?" Bill Cordon asked, "Glassy's just a high rock. You'd have to be a horsefly to work up an interest in it. Besides, there's no way up to the top." He paused. Then sighed, "Okay, I'll be a horsefly."

Keever Todson nodded assent. He followed Bill and Doc to their cayuses. Then Doc led the way out to Glassy Butte. He took a round-about-route.

"You tryin' to avoid somebody?" Bill asked, finally.

"That's right," Doc said. "Providin' somebody shows up."

They left their cayuses a couple of thousand feet from the butte, hidden in deep underbrush. At the foot of the butte, they stared up at the shiny, vitrified surface that gave the butte its glassy name. It looked unscalable as it always had. Bill Cordon shook his head, but Doc circled round it. He came back, smiling.

"I always thought you could get to the top of the butte, if you looked hard enough," Doc said. He led the way. There was a small, narrow, jagged cleft, ridged with rough, natural ledges, going up. It was hidden by vines that grew up most of the butte's face.

"What you expect to find up there?" Keever asked Doc, as he struggled up the cleft behind him.

Doc grunted.

They emerged into a typical-butte-top hollow, with gently sloping walls. It was filled with rough stones and shards splintered from the body of the butte itself. Then Doc uttered an exclamation. He pointed.

"Jim Blazer!" Bill Corner said. "He—he's dead!"

"Dead as a doornail!" Doc said, performing his medical duty by his Sheriff's badge. He cupped his ear, held up a hand for silence. "Shhhh. Somebody's climbin' up the cleft."

They got behind a big boulder and watched. A man climbed out of the cleft mouth and went directly over to Jim Blazer's body.

"Reach!" Doc called softly.

Bud Kitchner straightened and whirled. He didn't have time to draw. Doc shot the straps of the holsters clean through. They fell.

After that, Bud didn't resist. He went quietly, after first having helped Keever, Doc and Bill to erect a cairn of stones over Jim Blazer. At the base of the butte, they tied Bud on his cayuse, got their own and rode into town at a leisurely pace.

"Bud killed Jim to get the ranch and money," Doc said as they rode. "No doubt of that. Then he dragged Jim's body up Glassy Butte. He had a good reason. Bud knew murder can't be proved until you find a corpse." He looked at Bud. Bud nodded helplessly.

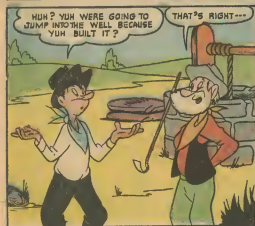
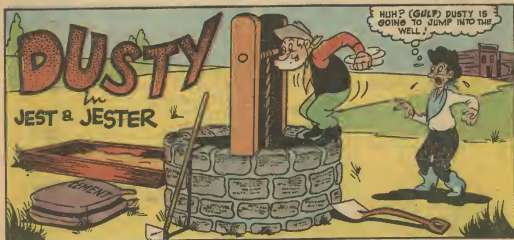
"But Bud forgot he needed a body to prove death, so the helr, namely Bud, could inherit," Doc continued. "I told him that. So Bud went back to the butte. He planned to drag Jim's body down and leave it lying where it could be found. After all, there wasn't much anybody could do to connect him with the murder. That is, until now, eh, Bud?" Doc asked genially.

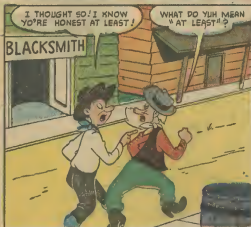
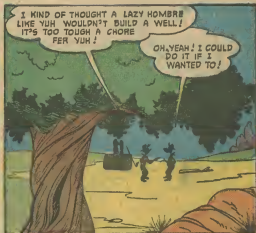
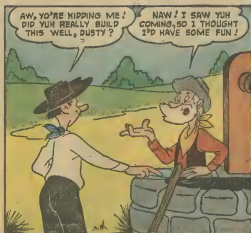
"Guess not," Bud said.

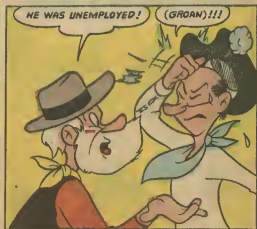
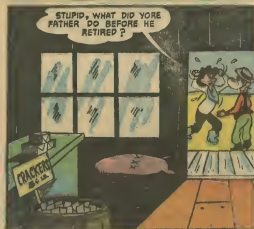
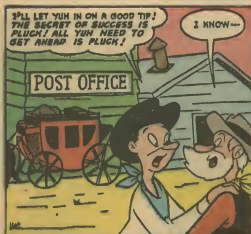
"BUT how in tarnation did you figger Jim's body was atop the butte?" Keever asked. "If we hadn't found it, we'd never have spotted Bud coming back to a body only he knew where to find."

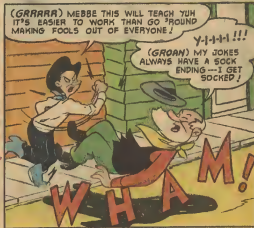
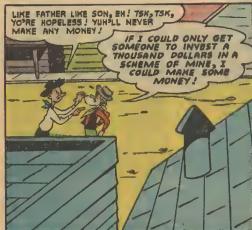
"That was a hunch—but a good one," Doc said. "I was lookin' through my back room window, and I saw two buzzards circlin' over the butte. It could have been a brother buzzard they were lookin' down at. Or it might have been Jim Blazer, And it was!"

THE END











QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY! SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT — 4 CORRECT, GOOD — 3 CORRECT, FAIR — 2 CORRECT, POOR!

- 1 MARS IS THE MYTHOLOGICAL GOD OF WAR.

☐ TRUE... ☐ FALSE...



- 2 ONE MILE IS EQUAL TO 320 RODS.

☐ TRUE... ☐ FALSE...



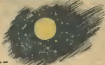
- 3 GEORGE CLINTON WAS A VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.

☐ TRUE... ☐ FALSE...



- 4 JUPITER IS THE SMALLEST STAR IN THE UNIVERSE.

☐ TRUE... ☐ FALSE...



- 5 BLACK JACK IS THE NAME OF THE HORSE BELONGING TO THE FAMOUS COWBOY, ROCKY LANE.

☐ TRUE... ☐ FALSE...



ANSWERS:

1 TRUE. 2 TRUE. 3 TRUE. 4 FALSE. 5 TRUE.
THOMAS JEFFERSON. 6 FALSE. JUPITER
VICE-PRESIDENT UNDER
HE WAS

"TILT AND SEE PICTURE MOVE."



GENE KELLY
Starring in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"An American in Paris"
Color by Technicolor.



JANE POWELL
Co-starring in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"Rich, Young and
Pretty"
Color by Technicolor.



Republic Thunder
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N. Y. Central R. R.
Hudson-type locomotive

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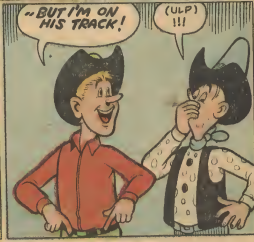
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"Lash" LARUE

THE
FRONTIER PHANTOM
RIDES AGAIN!

HEY, YUH! HOLD
UP THERE!

BANG!
BANG!

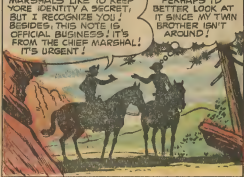
ONE DAY AS THE FRONTIER
PHANTOM, LASH LARUE'S TWIN
BROTHER, RIDES THROUGH THE
HILLS OUTSIDE OF LARADO...

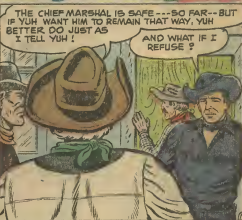
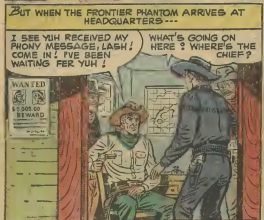
I'VE GOT A MESSAGE
FOR YUH, LASH
LARUE!

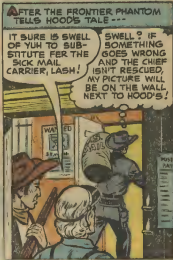
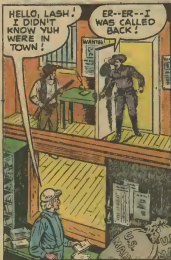
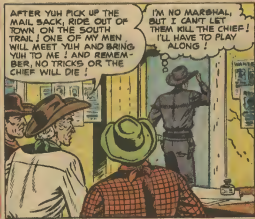
LASH LARUE?
BUT I'M NOT
LASH!

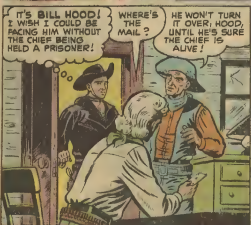
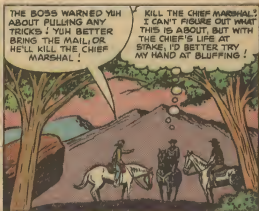
I KNOW YUH ROVING
MARSHALS LIKE TO KEEP
YORE IDENTITY A SECRET,
BUT I RECOGNIZE YOU!
BESIDES, THIS NOTE IS
OFFICIAL BUSINESS! IT'S
FROM THE CHIEF MARSHAL!
IT'S URGENT!

IF IT'S URGENT,
PERHAPS I'D
BETTER LOOK AT
IT SINCE MY TWIN
BROTHER ISN'T
AROUND!











THERE HE IS, LASH!
NOW ARE YUH
CONVINCED HE'S
ALIVE?

I AM!



WELL NOW, IF
YUH WANT
HIM TO REMAIN
THAT WAY,
YUH BETTER
BRING ME
THE MAIL!

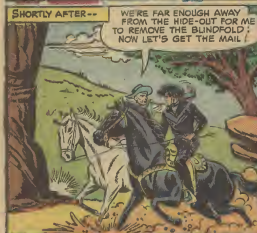
EVIDENTLY HOOD
THINKS HE'S
SPOKEN TO ME
BEFORE ABOUT
THE MAIL! THE
ONLY ONE I CAN
THINK OF WHO
LOOKS ENOUGH LIKE
ME TO FOOL THEM
WOULD BE MY TWIN
BROTHER, THE
FRONTIER PHAN-
TOM!



BUT UNTIL I CAN FIGURE OUT
EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED, AND,
WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT, SOME
WAY TO GET THE CHIEF SAFELY
OUT OF HERE, I'LL HAVE TO
PRETEND I'M GOING FOR THE
MAIL!

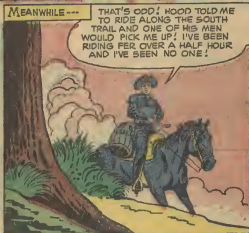
OKAY, I'LL
GET THE MAIL
FOR YOU!

I'LL TAKE
HIM BACK A
BOSS!



SHORTLY AFTER--

WE'RE FAR ENOUGH AWAY
FROM THE HIDE-OUT FOR ME
TO REMOVE THE BLINDFOLD!
NOW LET'S GET THE MAIL!



MEANWHILE---

THAT'S ODD! HOOD TOLD ME
TO RIDE ALONG THE SOUTH
TRAIL AND ONE OF HIS MEN
WOULD PICK ME UP! I'VE BEEN
RIDING FER OVER A HALF HOUR
AND I'VE SEEN NO ONE!



AT THAT MOMENT, SUTTON, FOLLOWED BY LASH, IS
COMING THROUGH A NARROW PASS---

BAY, THERE'S THE
LASH WE TALKED TO
AND HE'S GOT THE
MAIL! SOMETHING
PHONY'S GOING ON,
BUT I KNOW HOW
TO HANDLE IT!

YOU
RIDE
FIRST
FROM
NOW ON,
LASH!



JUST AS YOU SAY,
SUTTON--- OOF!

WHAM!



A BULLET WOULD ATTRACT TOO MUCH ATTENTION, SO I'LL JUST TIE HIM UP AND LEAVE HIM TO THE WOLVES. THEN I'LL GO AFTER THE REAL LASH!



SECONDS LATER--

OH, THERE YUH ARE! FER A WHILE I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK HOOD GOT COLD FEET!

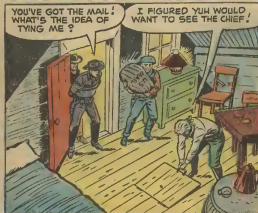
FOLLOW ME!



SHORTLY AFTER---

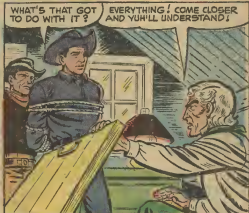
... SO THERE ARE TWO LASH LARUE'S! WELL, SINCE THE OTHER ONE WAS BUNDFOLDED AND COULDN'T POSSIBLY FIND OUR HIDING PLACE, HE WON'T GIVE US ANY TROUBLE! BRING THE OTHER ONE IN WITH THE MAIL!

OKAY, BOSS!



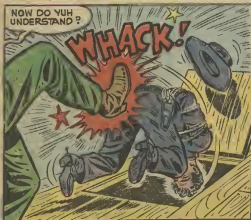
YOU'VE GOT THE MAIL! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF TYING ME?

I FIGURED YUH WOULD WANT TO SEE THE CHIEF!



WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?

EVERYTHING! COME CLOSER AND YUH'LL UNDERSTAND!



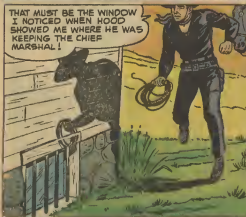
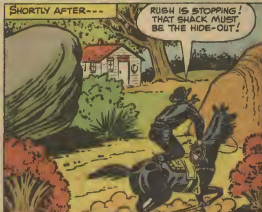
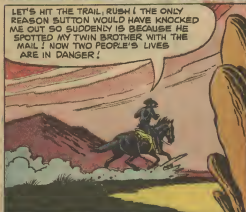
NOW DO YUH UNDERSTAND?

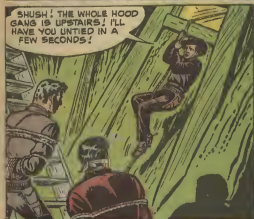
WHACK!

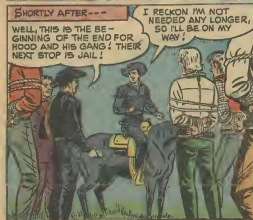
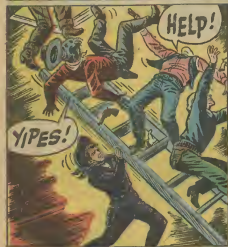


CLOSE THE TRAP DOOR, SUTTON! AFTER WE GO THROUGH THE MAIL AND TAKE OUT WHATEVER IS WORTHWHILE, WE'LL FIGURE OUT A GOOD WAY TO KILL THEM OFF!

BUMP! THUMP! BUMP!

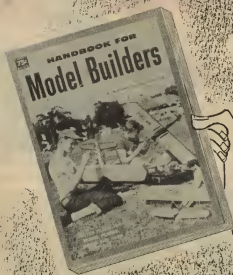






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